

Louisville Daily Express.

OLD SERIES—VOL. XXV.

LOUISVILLE, MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1899.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I, NO. 49.

THE CITY.

Disastrous Fire.

A special despatch to the Express printed in our telegraphic columns gives advice of a terrible conflagration in Georgetown, Ky. A large portion of the town was destroyed, including the principal business houses. The loss is estimated from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

County Court.

This court convenes at 9 o'clock this morning.

A Rumor.

There was a rumor about late last night that a lady had committed suicide in the lower portion of the city.

Police Matters.

The slate at the First-street station was perfectly clean up to 10 o'clock last night. The slate at the jail bore these words: "Rebel Jack—slightly inebriated and drowsy."

Basket Picnic.

The Falls City Base-ball Club will give a grand basket picnic at Park's Grove Saturday, June 19th. We can promise those who attend courteous attention from the Falls City boys and a pleasant time generally. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation.

"Grass Billiards."

The new croquet suit consists of blue or scarlet cashmere skirts, and polonaise looped up on the sides with blue or scarlet rosettes. As the game of "grass billiards" is very fashionable in this city, we trust this information for the ladies will prove reasonable and interesting.

Convalescent.

The many friends of Wm. K. Thomas will be gratified to know that his condition has improved, and there is every hope of his complete recovery. There are few men who have as many friends as Wm. K. Thomas, and few who deserve to have them.

Hop at Elizabethtown.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend a grand hop to be given at the Eagle House, in Elizabethtown, on Tuesday evening, June 20th. The people down there know exactly how to get up and conduct such parties, and we should be glad to avail ourselves of the invitation before us, but such bliss is not a part of our fate.

Iron Molders' Picnic.

The Iron Molders' Union No. 6, of this city, one of the strongest trades unions in the West, is making extensive preparations for a grand picnic, to take place on the 5th of July, about ten miles out on the Nashville railroad. It promises to be one of the greatest events of the kind that has ever taken place hereabouts. Tickets, one dollar.

The Opera House Dispute.

The question, "Who is in legal possession of the Opera House?" was to have been decided for the disputants, Messrs. Fuller and Dugbee, by Justice Matlack on Saturday, but all parties not being in readiness, the case will be heard before Judge Matlack at 9 o'clock this morning. Colonel Fuller, at present, has the keys of the establishment in his pocket.

Moonlight Excursion.

A good time is anticipated for those who participate in the grand moonlight excursion on the steamer Bermuda to-night. Capt. Ike Schultz will command, and Messrs. A. R. Brown, N. F. Kelley, J. A. Kelley, Henry Fomhalls and Dallas Abrahams will be the managers in the cabins. Ticket for round trip, one dollar. The Bermuda leaves the foot of Fourth street at 8 o'clock this afternoon.

Interesting Lecture.

Rev. J. Lancaster Spalding, a most eloquent and learned divine, will lecture at St. Louis Hall, near the Cathedral, on Fifth street, next Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock. Subject—"Art and the Christian Religion." This is the first of a series of interesting lectures to be given under the auspices of the Philomathean Society. Tickets, fifty cents; for sale at Webb & Co's book-store on Main street, and at the door.

Esther.

Let all the lovers of music bear in mind that the beautiful cantata of "Esther" will be given at Weisiger Hall to-night by the members of Prof. Foote's classes. It will, beyond a doubt, be the finest musical treat that has been offered to the Louisville public for a long time, and, judging from the large sales of tickets that have been made, the hall will be filled to a jam. Those who have not secured reserved seats had best go early.

Picnic of the English-German Academy.

This school under the supervision of Prof. W. N. Hailman had a picnic Friday at the residence of Mr. Theodore Schwartz, on the Newburg road. It was attended by the elite of our German population, and was in every respect a pleasant and enjoyable affair.

Early in the morning the children with their parents, friends and teachers started from the schoolhouse for the place of festival in eight large furniture cars. Many persons went in other conveyances at different times of the day.

The parents of the children furnished the catables, and aided materially in facilitating the enjoyment of the little ones. John Kohlhepp furnished the bar necessities, which were of course fine. Seebach's hand-drawn music was heard throughout the day. The affair was a complete success, and is a source of gratification to the friends of the school.

"MOVING."

Poor Bleeding East Tennessee.

A small one-horse wagon passed through the city yesterday, containing the worldly goods and chattels of a family from East Tennessee. This family consisted of the father and mother, six children of uncertain ages and two dogs—tied under the small wagon. The wagon conveyed besides the meager goods and chattels, the mother and a male baby—perhaps eighteen months old. The rest of the family walked in front, behind, or on either side of the wagon. When the homely cavalcade reached the corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets it halted, and numerous citizens and policemen gathered around to look at the novel spectacle. The "old man," the father of the family, and the two sons, and even the two daughters, probably sixteen and eighteen respectively, were all barefooted—as in fact were the entire family. As soon as the wagon stopped the "old lady" in the wagon, who held the youngest member of the family in her arms, began to sing at the top of her lungs in a kind of half-rye, half-yine, a song with words something like the following:

Deysie holdin' camp-meetin' in Hickory swamp,
Deysie holdin' camp-meetin' in Hickory swamp,
O, meet my people there,
O, meet my people there, &c.

Although white, she gave the true plantation darkey twang and pronunciation to the words. The very young gentleman in her arms cast his eyes over the crowd of spectators in an uneasy, restless manner, as though he was cognizant of the fact that something was going wrong in his family. Before the "old lady" ceased singing, a policeman stepped up to the "old man," who had sat down on a curbstone. The Metropolitan told him he had better "move on," as his wife was creating too much excitement on the street. "Is she your wife?" asked the Metropolitan. "Wal, no, stranger; but she's in the place of one, though." Then (very much agitated and extremely earnest), he added: "Why, stranger, she's got two grown darters over there," pointing his finger toward the two young ladies who had taken seats on a curbstone on the opposite side of the street. About this time the "old lady" in the wagon "broke out" with another strain, and much louder than before. The old man seemed to be getting ready to cry. "Isn't that woman drunk?" inquired the policeman. "Drunk!" replied the old man, who appeared to be now almost bursting with feelings of rage or some thing else, "why, stranger, I should rather guess she was drunk! Stranger, this here has a been goin' on for twenty year, and I'll be darned if it haint got to be stopped, too! The Metropolitan then concluded they were both drunk, and told him to move on. The old lady in the wagon screamed out, "Come on, you gals!" and the whole party moved on down Jefferson street to Eighth, where the scene was re-enacted, and where the East Tennessee family halted and the old lady sang her songs, until again started by the police. The old man said his boys had "fought for the Government," and were loyal. This family had come all the way from Knoxville with the diminutive wagon and the anatomical-looking horse attached to the same, and are on their way to the interior of "Hoosierdom," where they claim to have rich relations living.

Fast Composers.

They don't know what a fast type-setter is in the Northwest. A so-called fast one is thus described by one of the newspapers up there:

In the office of a Wisconsin journal there is a compositor who sets type so rapidly that the friction of his movements fuses the leaden emblems in his stick, making them solid stereotype plate. The only way to prevent this is to have his case submerged in water; and the rapidity of his motion keeps the water boiling and bubbling so that eggs have been boiled in the space-box. Pipes lead from the bottom of this case to a boiler in the press-room, and the steam generated by the fast compositor's motion runs the power press. In one day he set so much that it took all hands, from editor to devil, three weeks to read proof, and it wasn't his good day, for setting type, either.

That fellow would have to do a great deal better than that, or he would starve in the Evering Express office, where there are several compositors, either of whom could give him fifteen hundred thousand cents the start in a race of two hours and beat him to death and back again. He is no more to be compared to our fastest compositor than a snail is to a streak of lightning. This compositor of ours has a fireproof case made with boxes which hold each ten bushels of letter, and when he begins work those piles of type all disappear simultaneously, just as so many piles of gunpowder disappear when you touch a red-hot poker to them. He has been known to fill thirty-three miles of galleys in half a day, solid agate, and a forty-horse power engine, consuming two tons of coal per day, was holding him back all the time. If he had been uncoupled from the engine and allowed to spread himself, his proof-sheets would have been as long as the Pacific railroad.

Knocked Down.

A gentleman was walking along Jefferson street, between Third and Fourth, about 10 o'clock last night, in company with two ladies, one of them his sister, when some blackguard stepped up and addressed an insulting speech to the latter. The brother, very properly, turned upon him and knocked him down. The individual, not satisfied with being knocked down, followed the party up to Fourth street, where a policeman was called and took him in charge.

What We See in Police Court.

From the force of circumstances, we visit the City Police Court daily and we meet with all the numerous peculiar "characters" of which the undercurrent of society is made up. One unfortunate female, of Hibernian nativity, with a face as glowing as a street-lamp on a dark night we look for each morning, and if we do not see her when the night's "collection" is trotted into court, we know she has not paid her last drunk's bill at Beargrass. On Saturday morning this particular bright star of the Police Court "Company" made her appearance at roll-call, with unkempt locks, and a mug telling unmistakably a superfluity of benzine. She was led into the old court-room by an officer and deposited on a bench in the corner to await an interview with the blind goddess, as represented by his *ad interm* Honor Laf. Joseph. The room was full of people just then, and the Court happened to be engaged at the time, but all this was compensated for by the song and dance business with which the newly-arrived lady (for lady she was, as every one knew by the remarks she made), after retiring to the outside hall of the court-room, filled up the interlude. Her melodious voice, less in compass than Patsy-Koss's, and inferior in flexibility to that of the Kellogg, filled the solemn precincts of the old court-room, circulating itself among the niches, and pillars, and corridors, waking the echoes in the inner halls, and eliciting a stray oath from the mumbling, stupefied sots who surrounded the songstress, as she sang:

As I was (hie) a walkin' down Marshall street,
Twas Curly Joe I chanced to meet,
"See he 'my dear you'll have a drink,"
"Ab'jays," sez I, (hie) "I will I think!"
(Giggles—Scream.)
"Bully for Curly Joe!" Ah, ye gray-muzzled devil of a perlickman, I'll be even wid ye yet, I jist, came down from Beargrass yesterday, and I'll go back to-day. But Bully for Curly Joe! A roar from the motley assemblage followed. The Marshall stuck his head out at the back door and cried, "Take that woman out!" and away out at another side door went the bundle of dry goods and wretched humanity, exclaiming, "Yis, I'll be even wid ye yet, ye dirty devils ye, to be persecutin' a dacent lady, as I am!"

Suicide.

Mr. Frederick Remegan, who lives at a place known as Finley's Knob, in this county, some fifteen years ago employed a German named Martin Mayer. The long period Mayer has remained with Mr. Remegan is sufficient proof of his good character, sobriety and industry. About one month ago Mayer was attacked by a disease which not only gave him great physical pain, but almost totally destroyed his mental faculties, and he was, about three weeks since, brought to the city and placed in a hospital for medical treatment. He was not at all satisfied with hospital life, and soon escaped from the institution and went back to the country. His friends there received him with great kindness. They soon discovered, however, that it would be unsafe to allow him to remain there, as his mind was becoming more and more diseased each day. They agreed upon a day to bring him to the city for the purpose of having him properly examined, in order to send him to the State Asylum for the insane. They brought him here, but on the day they arrived the business at the City Court was so great, his case was not taken in hand. He was taken to a physician, who prescribed for him, and he was again taken to the house of a friend in the country. For some time he seemed to be improving in mind and body; but this change was only the forerunner of the worst of all his misfortunes. A horrible delusion took possession of his mind—that he was a very unworthy man, and that he was intensely hated by his friends, &c. On last Friday, and while suffering under this terrible hallucination, he left his friend's house and made his way to a grove at some distance where he hung himself to a tree with hempen cord until life was extinct. Coroner Moore was notified of the occurrence, and proceeded to the place designated, where he held an inquest. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above statements.

Personal.

J. Hop Price, Esq., is announced as a candidate for the Legislature in the 10th Ward. The Judge is energetic and thoroughgoing and will be hard to beat. And whoever runs against him will have to go at a rapid gait.

Mr. John I. Walker is presented in our columns to-day for the office of Police Commissioner, at the August election. He is well known as a man of integrity and determination of character, and if elected will fill the requirements of the office with punctilious honesty.

Col. Wm. Rowder, of Bardonia, and Capt. Harrington, of Shelby, were in the city last evening.

Dr. Leavitt on Finance.

Dr. Leavitt's address on the financial question at the courthouse on Saturday night was well received. His peculiar views are evidently exciting more attention, especially since arrangements have been made for carrying the agitation to other cities. In our paper to-morrow will appear not only an account of the new plan of finance, but also the proposed plan of operations of the Louisville Financial Reform Association.

School Board.

The city School Board meets in its chamber in the school building on the corner of Walnut and Center streets, this evening.

TOWN TOPICS.

Dead Ducks.

Read Mr. Davidson's advertisement in another column for feathers, and try to supply the demand.

Southern Art Place.

Messrs. Davis & Harper are the leading photographers in the city at present. They have unusual facilities for making true pictures.

Gay's China Palace.

All that is said of this establishment under head of city items is exactly so.

Kennedy & Churchill.

As will be seen by advertisement in another column, are the agents for Singer's Sewing Machines, and they are meeting with great success. No. 460 Fourth street.

Presser & Wellenwoss.

The above gentlemen are the hat men of Louisville, who keep a large and select stock, and advertise it. They have moved into a new store, and received a new stock, among which can be found the "Capt. Jinks" and "Bon-ton."

A Great Industrial Exhibition.

The American Institute will give an exposition of agricultural, mechanical, artistic and other productions in the city of New York, commencing on the 8th of September next. Persons having anything to exhibit and wishing to be represented will receive circulars, with full particulars, by addressing S. D. Tillman, corresponding secretary of American Institute, New York.

At Cost.

A dollar's worth best quality of French note paper for 60 cents put up in a nice box at W. Scott Glens.

The Cheapest Place.

In the city to get your job printing is at the Courier-Journal job rooms.

LOCAL CHIT-CHAT.

The hackmen complain of dull times. Fishing parties are numerous, but the fish caught are not very numerous.

The courthouse fence has not yet been painted.

Matters and things in general along Main street were lively on Saturday. It is still filthy. Jefferson street from Third to Fifth is still filthy.

Our fire department, according to size, is the best in the West.

Broadway presents a lively appearance every pleasant evening, with lovely women and fashionably-dressed men.

The hotels, considering the dull times, did a good business last week.

The street-car drivers are clamoring for more wages.

Fresh peaches and green roasting-ears have made their appearance; 25 cents apiece for the peaches, and it takes stamps to "occupy" the roasting-ears.

Claret and ice is a standard bar-room beverage. Ditto whisky plain.

The newboys have discarded shoes and stockings as superfluous apparel.

Guipure scarfs and sacks are more fashionable than fichus for the street.

Moonlight rowing excursions on the river are being talked of.

The latest style of wedding is the "paregoric wedding," which is to take place at the end of the year.

A straggling velocipede is now and then to be seen in the streets. The bicycle, however, is no longer common enough here to endanger the life of any one.

Low-necked shirts are pronounced the latest "style" for nice young men. Just imagine a sweet youth with his hair parted, and a low-necked shirt!

That was a smart girl who consoled herself with the thought that the same wind which disarranged her crinoline, blew dust into the eyes of the wicked young man who was standing on the corner of Jefferson and Fourth streets, the other day, to observe the effect. This is what may be termed tempering the wind to the shorn calf.

We hear numerous complaints from workmen "who live" out on Preston street, because they can never get a car on that thoroughfare after eight or half-past eight o'clock in the evening. They claim that cars cease running from Main street out after this time, and that they are put to great inconvenience thereby.

Many dental infelicities occur from the free use of enclides. This, perhaps, may be attributed to the fact that the candies were made from sore-gum (sorghum) sugar.

An exchange brings about a steam ferry bakery that uses three hundred dozen eggs per day, and adds, triumphantly: "Think of that, ye hens, and, like Macduff, lay on!"

Touching Incident.

Confirmations were made in St. Paul's church yesterday morning, embracing both the young and the old. Bishop Smith officiated in the confirmations, and in the act alluded in touching words to his connection with the Episcopal Church in Kentucky. 'Twas the anniversary of the venerable Bishop's seventy-fifth year; and feeling tears rolled down his aged cheeks he told the new members they might recollect that their coming into the church was upon the anniversary of their venerable Bishop.

The convention of the diocese of Kentucky was organized in 1830, and the first Bishop consecrated October 31st, 1832. Over this long period the official acts of Bishop Smith extend. He has gone with the Church from its infancy to its manhood; and he now beholds a powerful and numerous denomination, with temples of worship all over the State. He naturally feels that he cannot welcome many more members to the church, and hence his touching allusion to the coincidence named.

GENERAL DULCE.

What He Thinks of Cuba—Insults to His Wife.

A Havana correspondent of the New York Tribune says when the committee insisted on Dulce resigning forthwith as Captain-General of Cuba, he thus concluded the interview:

When I arrived in this island I found it in a blaze. In leaving it today I consider it lost to the mother country, precisely through the same process that caused the loss of our other possessions in America. You proclaim the independence of the island the moment you decline submission to the lawful representative of the National Government. You may retire.

Shortly after, his resignation was made to Espinar.

The storm seems for the moment to have lulled, but the *disgrace* members scattered about in all directions. In the morning, as soon as Dulce had given in his resignation, he went on board the Guizpoco, which had been chartered for the voyage, at it is stated, some \$10,000. Many of the officials, as a parting token of respect, accompanied him to the wharf, whence he immediately sailed out to the steamer. The Madam and children were already on board awaiting him. This same steamer brought out the Vascongadas, and in coming in it was detained at the entrance of the harbor for a time, because of the great row at the wharf, where the Governor-General thought might be increased by the arrival of troops. Some of the volunteers fear now that matters were carried a little too far by them. They should feel heartily ashamed at the miserable conduct observed toward Mrs. Dulce. The horses attached to the carriage were immediately seized by the soldiers as it was passing along the street, and repeated insults were hurled at the unoffending woman, simply because she happened to be born in Cuba. For a long time she had been subjected to the persecutions, in some way or other, of the volunteers, which she had borne with really the managing spirit in the palace, and that the General was a mere puppet of hers. Everything that could be said to the prejudice of her private character has been uttered, time and again, by these same people, and she has been, doubtless unjustly, accused of crime. With a number of proper notions of society, and who have some little regard for decency, such conduct would have met with deserved contempt, but to these revilers nothing is too low or base. Gen. Dulce has long been known as a man of very decided character, and on many occasions has proven that he was exceedingly brave, and the insinuations made against him in this connection are well understood to be gratuitous and unfounded.

BALDWIN.

The Missing Man of Walnut Hills, O. From the Cincinnati Gazette, 9th.

Three or four weeks ago we announced the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Mr. C. E. Baldwin, of Walnut Hills. The days and weeks have passed and no tidings have been received of the missing man. Whether he is alive or dead, whether he has been fully recovered or wandered away, no one knows. It is believed, from several little circumstances, however, that he has met a terrible death. He left his home on Friday morning, taking with him no luggage, and expecting to return at night. He carried a number of bills to collect during the day, and of some of them he was fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to secure the payment. But on some of his debtors he made no call, and when the night came on he had still money which were due him. Moreover, in his business he had incurred a number of obligations, and to no one's knowledge were there any outstanding obligations that were pressing him. It could hardly have been any pecuniary reason that occasioned his disappearance.

Moreover, it is stated that his domestic affairs were in a most unpleasant condition. Not only had he incurred a number of obligations, but he had been for him, so far as is known, full of joy and happiness. There seems to be an entire absence of motive for a voluntary disappearance, and a noteworthy lack, too, of provision for such exigencies.

The fears, the terrible suspicions that rise in the minds of all, have come with a thousand-fold force to her who has been waiting night after night and day after day for the welcome step. But always the night, in its coming, has failed to bring any news, and the days as they have passed have given her not a single ray of hope. Only the kindest of neighbors enabled her to meet her daily expenses. Worn out at last, broken in hope and spirit, she decided at last to go to friends in Baltimore, and for that city she left Monday morning.

Whether steps have been taken to trace the missing man we know not; but it is hardly probable that they have, for the discovery of missing friends is not a luxury that the poor can afford. The services of detectives are not to be had gratuitously, and the zeal of friends and their love are scarcely to be turned to such account as this.

Disastrous for the Laborers.

The strike has ended, so to speak, disastrously for the men. The hotel proprietors have set their faces against every man who was engaged in that movement, and refuse to employ them. It is reported that out of the 350 who left work only 20 have been able to resume it, but the others, and many more, can find ready employment at the watering-place and country hotels, and with the influx of visitors in the fall there will be ample employment here for both old and new hands.

The Walters Union have resolved to allow every member to go to work wherever he can, and for each man as he may be able to get. Those who have resumed work in the hotels have been compelled to forswear allegiance to the society.

NEW GREENBACK PAPER.—The Government paper mill in Pennsylvania has through the Treasury Agent stationed at the mill, forwarded the first lot of the new and improved greenback paper to the National and American Bank Note Companies in New York. The paper is what is known as the French silk variety, and through its fibers run threads of red and blue colors. The first issue of the new money will probably be ready on the 1st of July. All the present issues of legal-tenders and fractional currency notes will be called in as speedily as possible.

Suicides in Central Park have commenced.

BURIED ALIVE.

Strange Circumstances.

From the N. O. Picayune, 11th.

About a month ago the lower portion of the Second district was thrown into a state of excitement about the mysterious circumstances under which a young lady had been buried, and very well connected, had been buried, and yet no definite information could be gathered to authorize publication in the papers.

Since that time, however, we have been enabled to obtain the following facts: The young lady, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, upon returning from early mass on a Sunday morning, was suddenly taken ill of disease of the heart, and, as was supposed at the time, was suffocated to death, owing to her unusual fleshiness. A physician, her own uncle, had attended her in her last moments, and pronounced her dead.

The death of this young lady in the bloom of life (at the age of 20), caused much sympathy in the neighborhood, and her funeral, which took place in the evening of the day of her death, attracted a large concourse of people. She had died about 1 o'clock in the morning, and the funeral occurred at 8 in the evening.

So far there is nothing remarkable in this account, except probably the short lapse of time from the time of the lady's death to that of her interment in one of the Catholic cemeteries of the Second district.

But the report goes on to say, that on that same evening the sexton of the graveyard, having some business to attend to in town, left his son, of mature age, in charge of the keys, with the instruction to close the gates at the usual hour, after making his rounds through the cemetery in order that no visitor might be accidentally confined inside. About dusk the sexton's son while going his round, passing near the tomb in which the young lady had been buried scarcely an hour before, heard low and heart-rending moanings coming from behind the double door leading to the self-possession, and overcome with fear, he hurriedly left the scene, and closing the main gate of the cemetery, went home, and it was not until morning that he related the circumstance to his horror-stricken family. Information of the facts was immediately sent to the buried family of the deceased, and workmen were soon engaged in opening the tomb and breaking open the coffin enclosing the remains of the young lady.

The spectacle was too horrible to describe. Her face and body were in a terrible state of distortion, her hair torn from the roots.

In the terrible convulsions which had preceded her death, she had literally hauled her beautiful face with her nails, and her clenched fists in contact with her foaming lips showed the traces of her teeth. It is unnecessary to say that life was entirely extinct.

We will not relate the terrible impressions which this awful circumstance produced on the minds of those present, for it can be more readily imagined than described. The coffin and tomb were closed once more, this time forever upon the victim of disease, and the story was told indefinitely, as we have already remarked.

It is due to the family of the deceased to say that they deny the statements as noted above, but as the facts have become street rumor we have thought proper to give them as they have been given to us.

A MODEL OFFICER.

Trials and Tribulations of a Negro From the Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, June 10th.

We understand that Wilder, the negro postmaster of our sister city, Columbia, S. C., has become very much oppressed with his geographical comparisons of the country in the discharge of his official duties—sending his mails out in the conceivable direction except the right one. So annoying were these manifestations of ignorance to the citizens, and so general were the complaints, that Wilder has finally concluded that his aspirant for the position of postmaster should be removed from office, and he has actually impudently Mr. Samuel Leaphart, who formerly held the position of chief clerk in the office (under Mr. J. C. Janney, succeeded by Wilder), to relieve him of his burden, agreeing to accept any part of the salary of the position which Mr. Leaphart's liberality may see proper to allow him. Mr. L., in accordance with the expressed wishes of the citizens, had concluded to accept the proffered offer of Wilder, when the latter found a little hitch in the transfer, growing out of the fact that Gov. Scott was one of the investors on his official bond, and it would be necessary to consult him with regard to the execution of the maneuver. The black negro indorser on Wilder's bond acquiesces in the purpose of his principal to transfer his office, and there are hopes expressed that Gov. Scott, from a little circumstance of recent occurrence, in which he was personally inconvenienced, may yield his assent to Wilder's abdication. It seems that the Governor has been in Charleston for the past week, and found it essential for his personal or party purposes to order a remittance from the capital, to check on the developed and dispatched to his anxious Excellency through mail. The check failed to reach Charleston, and the Ohio Governor of South Carolina returned to the capital to investigate the obstructions which interfered to shut off his anticipated supply of funds. He succeeded in finding the check to his great chagrin (because Southern Governors, in these degenerate days, must have cash at command to grease their machinery), quietly resting in the Columbia postoffice. It is hoped that the people of Columbia may reap some substantial good from this reported "rilling" of Gov. Scott, and that the good sense exhibited by Wilder may be allowed to prevail. Mr. Leaphart commands the entire confidence of the citizens, and has previously given most satisfactory evidence of his fitness for the position reported to have been tendered him by the Postmaster selected by "the best government," &c.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

A Husband of Eight Weeks Shoots Himself Through the Head. From the Chicago Times, June 12th.

A case of self-destruction, which for sadness of attendant circumstances, has rarely been equaled in the history of Chicago, transpired in the South division on yesterday.

The victim, a young German about 25 years of age, was named Frederick M. Michallson, and had been a resident of this country but a trifle over a year. For some time past he has been in the employ of Leopold & Kuh, wholesale clothiers, No. 21 Lake street, as bookkeeper, and seems, at first, to have given good satisfaction to the firm.

About eight weeks ago he was married to a beautiful girl of his own nationality, but the union appears to have been a very unhappy one from the start. They resided

at No. 103 Kankakee avenue, and it is stated by people living in the neighborhood that they have been continually involved in quarrels ever since their return from the wedding tour. Their altercations are reported to have been carried on so openly as to have become a matter of public disturbance to the place, and some of the neighbors finally warned the turbulent couple that unless their quarrels were stopped, or conducted in a more public manner, the services of an officer would be called in for their prevention.

As if to add to Michallson's troubles, he was, on Monday last, discharged from the employ of Messrs. Leopold & Kuh, and seems to have been unable to procure work since.

For the past two or three days he has been noticed as being unusually morose and melancholy, and on Thursday he avowed his intention of terminating his existence unless matters took a more favorable turn with him. His wife, hearing of this, became alarmed, and, knowing that he had a revolver stored in the house, made a careful search for the weapon, intending to keep it from him, but about 3 o'clock on yesterday afternoon he made some excuse to leave the apartment in which he was sitting with his wife, and proceeded to a front room in the second story of the building, where he immediately afterward shot himself through the heart. The noise of the discharged pistol reached the ears of his wife, who, knowing well the terrible import, fell senseless upon the floor and was not revived for several hours.

The neighbors, hastening to the house, drawn thither by the report of the weapon, found the unfortunate man stretched upon the carpet, life being quite extinct.

A French statistician has calculated that in the Parisian clubs the amount of the sums lost and won at cards, amounted to one million francs daily and that every night over thirty thousand games are played.

Two of the old veterans, who are inmates

